

*The way through the woods is dark and deep,
With many a lesson to gauge,
And the path you take is the story you make,
Each step a turn of the page.*





Chris Riddell

Once Upon A Wild Wood



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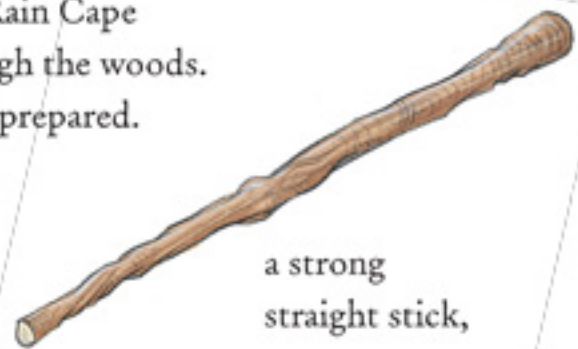
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MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS



ittle Green Rain Cape
set off through the woods.
She felt well prepared.
She had ...



a strong
straight stick,



comfortable
clumpy boots,

and a backpack
containing:



a good book,



breadcrumbs,



a pair of
clean socks



and an invitation
to a party.



— She was wearing her green rain cape. —



Green hadn't been walking for long when she met a helpful wolf.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"No thank you," said Green.

Next Green met a kindly old lady.

"Would you care for an apple?" she asked.

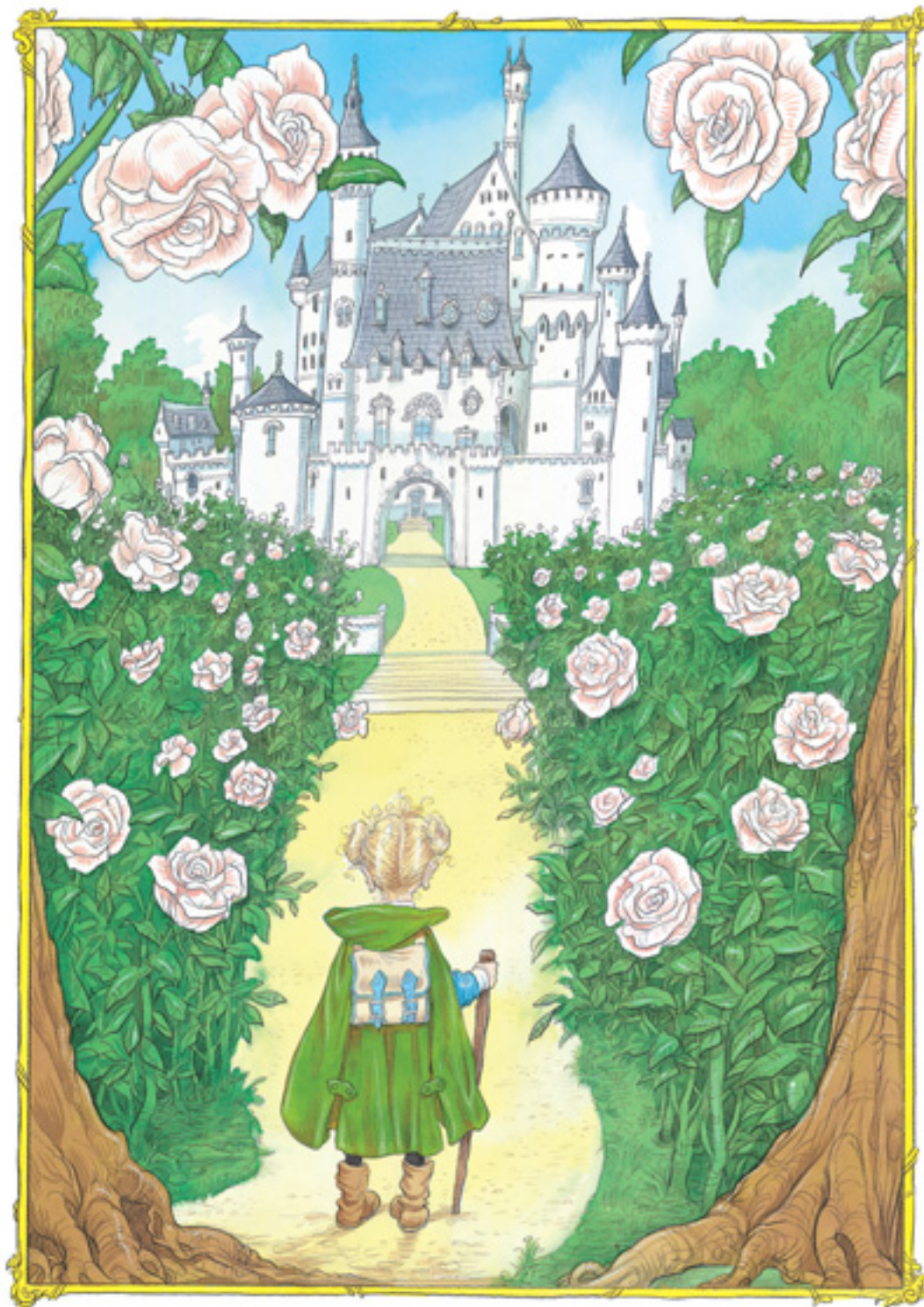
"No thank you," said Green.



And Green had hardly begun walking again when she met a friendly troll.

"Need directions?" he asked.

"No thank you," said Green, and she continued on her way through the woods.



Eventually she came to a castle.



"Who are you?" growled a fierce voice, as a figure with a very hairy face appeared from the rose bushes.

"My name is Little Green Rain Cape," said Green. "Are you the gardener here?"

"No, I'm a Beast," said the Beast. "Gardening is just a hobby. I don't suppose you've seen my guest, Beauty, anywhere have you? She went to visit her family and still hasn't come back. It's very lonely without her."

The Beast's eyes filled with tears.

"I'm afraid not," said Green. "But if I do, I'll tell her you're missing her."

"I am," said the Beast. "She throws sticks for me to fetch and I plait her hair with flowers. I've been invited to a party and I wanted to ask her to come with me."



And with that, he turned sadly away.